

ELEGY

Upon that Great Minister of State

ANTHONY

Earl of Shaftsbury.

ARE all Quills dead? or be they buried deep
In black mouth'd *Lethe's* bottomless abyss?
How come our Poets, that were wont to keep
Sorrows sad Vigils strictly, so remiss?
Are they grown dull or drowzy? Can soft sleep
Charm them at such a needful time, as this?
Or has dumb grief found out a newer fashion
To character her thoughts, and cloath her passion,
Than eye-bedawbing Tears, and printed lamentation?

GUsh forth all eyes, and when your floods be spent
Borrow new rydes from passions Oratory;
Take streams on trust, untill your flood-gates vent
The Common stock, and weep an Allegory;
If hearts turn stones, make very stones relent,
And help to bear the burden of thy story:
O, here's a Subject that shall force and tear
The Portals of an Adamantine ear
Yet sooner break a heart, perchance, than broach a tear.

HOW great was he? for's richly furnished brest,
Was a fair Temple; and His heart a shrine,
Garded with troops of Angels, where did rest
A glory nine times greater than the Nine,
His Soul was fill'd with Heav'n, and full possess
With heavenly Raptures; He was much Divine:
He was a harmony, where ev'ry part
Was sung by graces, so compos'd by art,
It rous'd up ev'ry ear, it raviht ev'ry heart.

KNOWLEDGE that often puffs the spongy brain,
Gave Him the treasure of a lowly brest;
Wisdom, that once abus'd, turns trap and train,
Built in His gallant heart the Turtles nest;
Riches, that cloath the brow with proud disdain,
Made Him appear far lesser, than the least;
He had true knowledge, wisdom, wealth, in which
H' enjoy'd His God, His glory was His pitch;
True knowledge made Him Wise, true Wisdom made Him Rich,

NObles, let not your emulous stomachs swell
To hear perfection crown'd: There may accrue
Some honour to your names: If you excel,
Joves Bird hath fruitful wings, which daily mue
More sprightly Quills than ours; dye you as well,
(Heav'n grant ye may) they'll do no less for you:
Till then expect it not, know halt your glory
Shines at your death; but dead, they will restore ye
From your forgotten dust, and write your perfect story.

VI.
MAY this rare patern dwell before your eye,
 When time shall please t' unclasp your fleshy Cage;
 His holy death will teach ye all to dye,
 And scorn the malice of infernal Rage;
 He dyed at his full time, and know ye why?
 He was a Rule propos'd to Youth, to Age;
 He was a Light, that glorified yours days?
 Obscur'd, alone, by our inferior praise;
 The virtue of the world was but His Periphrase.

VII.
FAme blow thy Trump, and see if Envy durst
 Presume to snarle, or vent her frothy gall.
 Fame blow aloud: Let Envy snarle her worst;
 Do; let her fret, and fame, and foam, and fall
 Stark mad: Blow louder, till the Bedlam burst,
 And stink; and taint her news-corrupting Hall.
 Blow fame and spare not; If some base-bred tongue
 That wants a name to loose, should chance to wrong
 Thy honour'd Trumpets breath, then make thy blast more strong.

VIII.
O But this Light is out; what wakeful eye
 E'r mark'd the progress of the Queen of Light,
 Rob'd with full glory in her *Austrian* sky,
 Untill at length in her young noon of night,
 A swarth tempestuous Cloud doth rise, and rise,
 And hides her lustre from our darkned sight:
 Even so too early death (that has no ears
 Open to suits) in our scarce noon of years,
 Dash'd out our light, and left the tempest in our tears.

IX.
Retract that word, false Quill: O let mine eyes
 Redeem that language with a thousand tears:
 Our *Shaftsbury's* not dead: How passion lies!
 How ill that sound does relish in these ears!
 Can he be dead, whose conqu'ring Soul defies
 The bands of death; and worse than death, the fears?
 No, no, he sits enthron'd, and smiles to see
 Our childish Passions; he triumphs, while we
 In sorrow, blaze his death, that's death and sorrow free.

X.
Words call in words! O from this fruitful Theam,
 As from a Spring, floods issue forth, and meet,
 And swell into a Sea; Stream joins with stream:
 Our weary numbers have regain'd new feet,
 And bring in stuff more fit to load a Ream,
 Than to be lodg'd within a slender sheet:
 The thirsty Soul, whose trembling fingers touch
 The swelling Bowl, may soon transgress, and such
 That ne'r can speak enough, may eas'ly speak too much.

XI.
YET one word more, and then my Quill and I
 Will wooe *Apollo*, and beg leave to play:
 Youth learn to live; and Noble-men, to dye;
 This heav'n-fled Saint hath scord ye, both, the way;
 Your Rule's above, but your Example's by;
 Heav'n sets not Earth such Copies every day.
 His virtues be your guide; They lie before ye?
 So shall ye add more honour to her story,
 And gain your selves a Crown; and gain his Crown more
 (Glory.

THE EPITAPH.

Justice, True Splendour, Hospitality,
 Frindship, kind Love, being resolv'd to dye.
 In these lewd Times, have chosen here to have
 With Pious, Just, Great *Shaftsbury* their Grave;
 Them cherish'd he so much, so much did grace,
 That they on Earth would choose none other Place.